

The Mighty 831

Chapter 831: Trembling from the Bottom of My Heart

Anthony Sapphire brought Liszt some bad news.

Liszt's proposal to join forces with the Sapphire Family for a major undertaking had been gently rejected by the Sapphire Duke. The reason was the friction between the Blast Furnace Fortress Kingdom and the Steel Ridge Kingdom, which likely meant that this year's Pioneer Mandate might not be issued as desired.

"The Eagle Kingdom must have promised Blast Furnace Fortress Kingdom countless benefits, successfully stirring up confrontation between them and the Steel Ridge Kingdom. Six Dragon Knights have already gathered in the borderlands at the junction of the two kingdoms, leading to a sudden reduction in border pressure for the Eagle Kingdom, allowing them to free up forces to defend their coastal heartlands."

"What a pity," Liszt did not insist.

The Grand Duchy of Sapphire was known as the sea overlord, but in reality, it was merely a grand duchy. Seeing no opportunity to exploit, it beat a tactical retreat.

As for Liszt, in this unclear situation, he also wasn't foolish enough to raid the Eagle Kingdom alone.

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Both he and Little Fire Dragon Leo, along with Formless Dragon Bard, needed time to grow. Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan had suffered a grave injury and had not fully recovered. With such fighting power, they could bully ordinary knights, but they were somewhat lacking in confidence against Dragon Knights, so it was better to focus on developing Flame Island.

He laid his cards on the table with Anthony, "The Sapphire Family should put more effort into the serf trade. You should already know about the Flame Islands; I am in the process of developing them and could leave the Sapphire lands at any time."

Anthony nodded, “Yes, we have already heard the news. Your knight mobilization with the Marquis of Bull Tail was not heavily concealed.”

“Regarding the development of the Flame Islands, I have yet to fully investigate, so the founding and migration of a new kingdom have to be postponed for a few years. I hope the Grand Duke will continue to support us in these years.”

“Rest assured, Your Highness, the Sapphire Family will fully support the establishment of the Flame Family’s kingdom.”

“Good to hear. Since you have made the rare journey to Black Horse Island, stay for a few days and enjoy the island’s cuisine.”

Source: , updated on NovG0.co

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Once Anthony had left with his mouth greasy from eating,

Liszt also set off from Black Horse Island with Ach, bringing the third batch of framed ships, heading towards the Whirlpool Archipelago. After transporting supplies to Flame Town, he summoned Formless Dragon Bard and spent all day with Ach researching the Magic Teleportation Array.

The reason for his enthusiasm was the new Smoke Mission.

“Mission: The Great Whirlpool Magic Teleportation Matrix has gradually become clear under the research of Sea Sprite Ake and is ready to be experimented on. This is related to a major future scientific research project. Why not join forces with the Formless Dragon to help Ake and complete the first experiment? Reward: Deep knowledge of the Magic Web.”

This mission implied that Ake’s research had entered a new phase.

And the reward was also very interesting—similar to a previous reward for traversing the Great Whirlpool. That time it was deep knowledge of the Magic Teleportation Array, and this time it was deep knowledge of the Magic Web.

Undoubtedly, this reward captured his firm attention.

He had mulled over the Magic Web countless times and had inquired about it to Ake on more than one occasion. But aside from knowing that the Magic Web was a special existence that enveloped the entire world like a field and a net, floating between matter and magic power, possessing high-energy magic power and the ability to interfere with reality, he knew nothing else.

Yet without a doubt, the Magic Web was an important construct of the world. If he wanted to surpass the Dragon Knight Cultivation System, he definitely had to target the Magic Web.

Thus, this reward could not be missed.

“Ake, is the experiment ready to start, and are there any oversights?” At the entrance to the Whirlpool Mountain Whirlpool Cave, Liszt watched Ake continuously directing knights and magicians to set up the experimental apparatus and couldn’t help but nervously inquire.

“Brother, Ake has repeatedly validated the steps of the ‘Material-Magic Node Observation Experiment,’ and with Bard’s assistance, there should be no accidents,”

“Alright then.”

Time slipped into the oppressively hot month of August.

For an entire week, countless magic arrays set up personally by Sea Sprite Ake around the Whirlpool Cave Entrance were finally completed, wrapping the entrance entirely within their scope. After all the knights and magicians had evacuated from the Whirlpool Cave Entrance, only Ake, Liszt, and the Formless Dragon Bard remained.

“Wu yi ya!”

Bard could hardly wait. It was constantly providing information for the experiment with its abilities and also understanding the content and purpose of the “Material-Magic Power Node Observation Experiment” through Liszt’s communication—the purpose was to create an opportunity for it to observe the “boundary” of the material world.

Only by observing the boundary of the material world could one tear the boundary apart, search for the left side, and establish a connection through the Magic Teleportation Array.

“Brother, let’s start!”

Ake nodded.

Liszt cast all his mixed emotions aside, leaped onto the Dragon Tooth Platform on Formless Dragon Bard’s back, and quickly resonated with the dragon to enter Dragon Rider Mode. Meanwhile, Ake continuously activated the complex magic arrays at the entrance, which started to flicker with intricate magic radiance. Countless magic powers began converging towards the entrance.

Suddenly,

Liszt felt his body start to swell, or to be exact, Bard’s body began to expand as the magic power from the arrays was channelled into its body, helping it to dramatically enhance its strength in a short amount of time.

But the magic power was too diverse, it needed to be refined and concentrated.

Bard itself lacked this ability, but Liszt had already blended the Formless Dragon’s space magic power with his Dragon Dou Qi and was quickly unifying these powers through high-speed motion. Acting as a “switchboard” for the magic power, the Formless Dragon could comfortably accept the stimulation of the magic power, its strength surging wildly.

“Wu yi ya!”

Its body size began to grow, from an original 15 meters in body length and wingspan, it directly expanded to 20 meters in both, approximately the size it would be when it reached adulthood.

An adult Formless Dragon!

The Crystal White View was also constantly changing, from the rough crystal structure of the world to a fine crystal structure, and with Liszt running the Crystal White Trajectory, the world he saw became even more extraordinary, as if it broke down every thread of matter, every thread of magic power into the finest crystal structure.

The magic arrays were still being activated, and more magic powers were filling the Whirlpool Cave Entrance. Liszt, immersed in the Formless Dragon's surging strength and novel view, suddenly heard Ake's clear shout, "Brother, start guiding the magic power for high-frequency resonance, strip away the matter, and find the node of the material boundary!"

"Understood!"

Liszt abruptly snapped out of his focus on strength. The Dragon Dou Qi operated, and the Formless Dragon's space magic power quickly merged into the surrounding environment, beginning to exhibit its power to dominate space.

Wings flapped, magic power surged.

The inner space of the Whirlpool Cave seemed to shake like ripples of water, and as the Formless Dragon's power kept surging, the invisible material boundary was gradually peeled back, revealing the scenery beyond the boundary. At the same time, a wormhole space, faint and elusive, also began to take shape.

"Push harder, Bard!"

Liszt shouted loudly, and together with the Formless Dragon, they furiously circulated the Dragon Dou Qi. The force of space power continuously tore at the material boundary until, with a thunderous noise, the material boundary was forcefully ripped apart.

The Wormhole Space lay bare within the Crystal White Trajectory.

The next moment,

A man and dragon vibrated their wings and flew into the Wormhole Space. Behind them, the magic arrays at the Whirlpool Cave Entrance seemed unable to bear the tearing of the magic power tide and vanished in a flash. But by then, the magic arrays were no longer of any use. Liszt directly entered the Wormhole Space, in the guise of an adult Formless Dragon Knight.

The Crystal White Trajectory continuously operated, and every detail of the Wormhole Space was displayed under his gaze.

A vast and profound Magic Web enveloped the tube-like Wormhole Space, but as Liszt's gaze searched deeper within the Magic Web, his pupils suddenly dilated.

An uncontrollable shudder erupted from the bottom of his heart.

“Terrifying, to such an extent!”

Chapter 832: Dragon of the Magic Web

When the power of the Formless Dragon Bard began to wane, unable to resist the repulsive force of the Wormhole Space, he was forced out of the Magic Teleportation Array, returning to the Whirlpool Entrance of the real space.

Li Si Te was still gasping for breath with residual fear.

The Formless Dragon Bard under him was trembling even more, and it took a while for him to recover.

“Brother.”

Ach had been waiting at the Whirlpool Entrance. When the Formless Dragon emerged, she immediately approached, “Was the observation journey successful?”

Li Si Te wiped the sweat off his forehead and gestured for Ach to go back first before speaking. He remained silent on the way until they reached a secluded laboratory that had been constructed. Only then did he organize the sights he had seen in the Wormhole Space, “Ach, what do you think is the essence of the Magic Web?”

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“It’s probably a kind of manifestation of the rules of magic power.”

“No.” Li Si Te shook his head gravely and said slowly to Ach, “You might not believe what the essence of the Magic Web is... It’s a dragon!”

“A dragon?” Ach’s eyes widened.

“Yes, an incredible dragon. I can’t describe what it looks like, in fact, I didn’t see its entire body at all.” Li Si Te tried hard to recall the deep scenes of the Magic Web that he had witnessed through the Crystal White Trajectory of an adult Formless Dragon in the Space Passage.

It was an indescribable scene, appearing both like a web and also like a field, slowly extending into the void.

Within the Crystal White Trajectory, it was a presence that transcended the crystal structure and existed somewhere outside of matter. But this “outside of matter” was not the same as the “outside of matter” the Formless Dragon traversed, which was likely a certain special dimension. The Magic Web, however, permeated the entire dimension, existing in a way that transcended understanding.

Source: , updated on N0vG0.co

But it wasn’t this that elicited Li Si Te’s terrified admiration. Rather, it was in the deeper reaches of the Magic Web, where its existence once again surpassed all conceivable states.

It ultimately took the form that represents “Dragon.”

“Brother, what kind of dragon is it?” Even the usually composed Ach couldn’t help but become anxious.

“I can’t find a specific description to depict it, but the feeling it gave me was that of a dragon... Or if a dragon is the ultimate existence of a magic attribute, such as the Fire Dragon representing the ultimate of flame, the Formless Dragon representing the ultimate of space, then this dragon embodying the Magic Web represents...”

Li Si Te pondered for a long time, unable to find the most accurate word to define it. In the end, he used a tentative word to explain, “Order.”

“Order?”

“Yes, order, or perhaps the rules by which the world operates, or maybe the combination of magic power, matter, and soul... No, that’s not right, I can’t feel its soul, it seems to be the source of both matter and magic... No, that’s not quite right either, it should be said that it separates matter from magic.”

Li Si Te followed his intuition, gradually verbalizing the impact the Magic Web had on him, one revelation at a time.

It was a dragon, formless and without substance; one couldn’t even be certain if it existed, but it indubitably revealed itself within the Crystal White Trajectory. The Magic Web was the extension of its Dragon Magic Power, enveloping the whole world, a structure that reigned above both matter and magic.

“Is this dragon alive?” Ach inquired quickly.

“I don’t know. I can only sense that it’s a dragon, an abstract aggregate of the fusion of matter and magic power, without sensing any life force or soul fluctuation,” Li Si Te shook his head, struggling to accurately describe the Magic Web, “but it’s also hard to say that it’s dead, as if life or soul never existed in it.”

He paused.

Li Si Te added, “Just like humans don’t have tails, this dragon embodied as the Magic Web doesn’t ‘have’ life or soul attributes. It’s simply a pure collection of some sort of order or rules.”

At that moment, he transformed into the Dragon of the Magic Web and discussed with Ach for a long time.

However, apart from temporarily naming this dragon “Dragon of the Magic Web,” shortened to Magic Dragon, they were unable to derive much more content regarding the Magic Dragon. Thus, the conversation swiftly moved to the experiment itself, utilizing the Formless Dragon to observe the nodes between matter and magic power—there was much to discuss in this area.

All night long, Liszt expounded on the content observed during the experiment.

It wasn’t until the dawn’s early light began to show that the discussion concluded. Ach, unable to wait, clutched his notebook covered in dense Serpent Script and returned to the Mage Tower of Flame Town to organize magicians for the next step in their research. Liszt leisurely left the secret laboratory and went back to his temporary residence in Flame Town to rest.

Before going to sleep, he called forth Smoke Mission.

“Complete the mission, reward: profound understanding of the Magic Web.”

“Mission: Development of the Flame Islands starts with the Whirlpool River Residential Area—Durt Red Apricot is leading the team north to establish a settlement. However, hidden within the forest are numerous prying eyes. Why not delve into an investigation? Reward: a large number of unknown species.”

“So the mission concerning the Dragon of the Magic Web just ends like this?” He felt somewhat reluctant as he looked at the new mission. He was in a phase of intense curiosity regarding the indescribable Dragon of the Magic Web, and had thought that Smoke Mission would elaborate on this Magic Dragon. But it barely skimmed the surface.

He merely glanced at the spots on the Magic Dragon’s body before immediately shifting his gaze.

Regarding the content of the new mission and the reward of unknown species, he lacked interest in contemplating them. His thoughts remained fixated on the Magic Dragon.

What did the Magic Dragon represent, and what was its relationship to this world? What was the connection between the Gemstone Dragon, Metal Dragon, Sacred Dragon, and the Magic Dragon?

Since the Magic Web took the form of the Magic Dragon, how was it connected to the era of the Moon Empire?

What was the relationship between magicians and the Magic Dragon?

Besides himself, had anyone else seen the Magic Dragon, studied it, or even communicated with it?

He even entertained a wildly bold fantasy with his heart pounding: “Since Smoke Mission has taken notice of the Magic Dragon, could it start issuing a chain of missions about the Magic Dragon, leading me to one day simply ride atop the Magic Dragon?” This idea was too unrestrained, as the very existence of the Magic Dragon was still unknown.

“This world is stranger than imagined.” Tossing and turning in bed, it wasn’t until the sun was high outside that he finally drifted into a shallow sleep.

In a groggy haze, he dreamed.

He dreamed he had become a transparent person, walking within a transparent river, aimlessly drifting with the current, surrounded by darkness yet with countless transparent people walking alongside him. At that moment, a bizarrely shaped dragon’s claw tore through the darkness, reaching towards the transparent river where he was.

The darkness receded little by little under the grip of the dragon’s claw, as if it sought to seize him.

He felt a sense of urgent helplessness, but just then, a layer of mist rose across the transparent river, enshrouding all the transparent people.

Yet that indescribable dragon claw tore through the darkness and the mist, crushing him directly.

However, when the dragon's claw rapidly withdrew from the mist and the darkness, a wave suddenly surged on the transparent river, and he who had been crushed was found walking unharmed upon the transparent river once more.

Dazed and befuddled, he continued towards an unknown destination, with no rest and no retreat, simply vanishing into the obscure darkness.

"Huh!"

Waking up from the dream as the sun set, Liszt could hardly remember what he had dreamed. He didn't pay much attention to it; it was vaguely about a river and a dragon's claw—perhaps it was a case of the daytime's thoughts leading to the night's dreams, and the dragon claw might just be the Magic Dragon's claw he had envisioned.

Rubbing his eyes, he began to get up and wash himself.

Flame Town bustled with exceptional activity. Thirty large frame ships making three rounds transported materials, along with serfs, knights, and craftsmen, drawing nearly eight thousand people to the Starfire Plains, a population that could match some small cities.

When Liszt had first been granted Fresh Flower Town, the town had a mere population of just over a thousand.

Viscount Fernal Ink stepped into a newly opened tavern in Flame Town.

"Viscount, sir."

"Viscount Fernal."

Several knights, not clad in leather armor, greeted him with their half-baked Serpent Script inside the small tavern, and he responded to them, likewise in his halting Serpent Script.

The official language of Flame Town was Serpent Script. The great Dragon Knight, Lord Landlord, stipulated that the Knight Class must use Serpent Script as the daily language of communication.

As for the ordinary civilians, there was no such requirement; they could speak Serpent Script or Wind Language as they pleased.

Fernal understood very well in his heart that the Lord Landlord was "de-Eagle-izing" them, diluting the Eagle Kingdom label on these knights. However, he thought it unnecessary because the knights had no loyalty to the Eagle Kingdom, they were only loyal to their own landlords.

And the landlords of this group of knights had already surrendered to the great Dragon Knight, Prince Liszt Flame.

A small portion of landlords who paid their own ransoms and returned to their countries neglected their followers, naturally failing to win the hearts of their knights. Thus, most of the knights here eagerly looked forward to a future in the Flame Country, where they could hold the status of Founding Contributors, certainly better than their previous insignificance.

Moreover, following the great Dragon Knight was a glory far beyond that of following an ordinary landlord.

Everyone knew that Prince Liszt was not just a Dragon Knight, he also had an Archmage beside him for assistance. The strength of Flame Country far exceeded that of the Duchy of Sapphire, destined to dominate the Azure Sea. It was for such reasons that Fernal ultimately pledged loyalty to Liszt.

After learning basic Serpent Script on Black Horse Island, he came to Flame Town to pioneer the lands.

As a Sky Knight, he led several Knight Squads, the main task being to hunt nearby Magical Beasts and provide safety assurances to the serfs clearing the forests and claiming land.

"A glass of pure black beer," Fernal placed a few silver coins on the table.

The tavern proprietor immediately poured a large glass of frothy black beer from the Wine Barrel and handed it to Fernal, "Please enjoy, Viscount."

Gulp, gulp.

Fernal took a big gulp and felt the icy black beer slide down his throat, the day's fatigue from laboring in the forest seemed to dissipate with the beer, "Refreshing!"

He licked his lips and added, "Just too expensive!"

The tavern owner chuckled, "This black beer is one of the few luxury supplies in Flame Town, painstakingly transported by the great Lord Landlord and Prince Archmage. Naturally, it's costly. And we had to ask a few Magicians to create ice shards for chilling, another considerable expense."

Flame Town was still unable to be self-sufficient; all supplies relied on the provision from Black Horse Island, and the frame ships had limited cargo space for alcohol, hence the sky-high prices of every beer.

However, among the craftsmen traveling to Flame Town were brewers, who were already gathering wild fruits from the forest to make wine, and soon enough the fruit wine would be abundantly supplied.

"Get out, don't start with that; you're just a greedy merchant!" Fernal didn't want to listen to any of it.

The tavern owner wasn't annoyed and continued polishing the glass in his hand. He was an old-timer from Fresh Flower Town, meaning he was one of Liszt's earliest subjects. As Liszt kept developing, these old-timers' status rose significantly, and many became stewards of plantation farms.

While not part of the official hierarchy, managing a plantation farm's serfs still granted some power.

The tavern owner, no longer wishing to keep farming, switched to being a Merchant, and later followed Liszt to Flame Town to open this tavern.

Business was booming.

Of course, the tavern paid no small amount in taxes.

The reason Liszt allowed the tavern's existence in Flame Town, despite the scarcity of living supplies, was twofold: one was to provide knights a place to unwind, and the other was to recoup the rewards given to the knights. He wasn't concerned with the quantity of money, but whether it could circulate.

Money only breeds money when it flows.

Without places to spend and enjoy themselves in Flame Town, the knights would have little energy, no matter how many gold coins he, Lord Landlord, gave them. By giving them gold coins and then earning them back, not only would it motivate them, but in the end, the money would return to his, Lord Landlord's, hands.

How wonderful that would be.

Misers never get rich.

The twilight glow spilled into the little pub through the window, and the boisterous shouting of the knights quickly hushed, followed by all the knights getting up in disarray to bow and salute the striking figure who slowly entered through the door.

Even Viscount Fernal stood up and saluted with all the knights, "Your Highness!"

"Carry on with your affairs, no need for formalities, I'm just here for a drink," said the man who walked in through the doorway, Liszt—master of the Flame Islands, ruler of the Shell Sea, the future sovereign of Flame Country, and currently the sole ruler of Flame Town.

After the knights had completed their formalities, they sat back down, but the arrival of Lord Landlord still made them restrained and afraid to make noise.

Viscount Fernal also felt nervous. Although Liszt was only nineteen years old, the solemn aura about him made Fernal feel like he was on thin ice, trembling with fear.

After all, this young man before them had personally slain a Dragon Knight during the battle against the dragon!

A fearsome reputation indeed.

Compared to Viscount Fernal's tension, the pub owner was much more relaxed, cheerfully greeting, "Your Highness, you're here. Would you like your favorite wheat beer as usual?"

"Yes, a glass of wheat beer with ice," Liszt replied, sitting down after a Retainer Knight had wiped the bench clean.

He would occasionally visit this little pub for a beer in the summertime.

The pub owner opened the cabinet and took out a wine barrel from the innermost box, carefully unscrewed the lid, filled a glass with wheat beer, and presented it respectfully to Liszt, "Your Highness, your wheat beer."

Liszt took the glass and sipped lightly.

A Retainer Knight had already taken out a gold coin and placed it on the table—the price of wheat beer was high, as the raw materials and brewing process were the best, and it was brewed from a recipe purchased from the Lycra Family on Beer Island.

The cool wheat beer was lightly bitter and tasted great.

It was Liszt's favorite beer.

If it weren't for the fact that his Space Ring was filled with various more important items, he would certainly have brought several large barrels of wheat beer to relieve the summer

heat. Unfortunately, with only three Space Rings, he simply couldn't fit such provisions and had to come to the pub in Flame Town to satisfy his craving.

Speaking of which, he had acquired the Formless Dragon, but had not obtained any more Space Gems.

The reason was simple: unlike ordinary gemstone deposits, Space Gems were directly condensed by the Formless Dragon using Space Super Magic.

Perhaps this was why it was considered a Sacred Dragon rather than a Gemstone Dragon.

Liszt did not feel right asking the Formless Dragon to expend Space Super Magic to condense Space Gems—the dragon's growth was more important. Of course, the Formless Dragon would actively consume Space Super Magic to condense Space Gems during its most excited moments. Liszt would wait for the next time he prepared a Smoked Grass feast to ask for the Space Gems.

Putting his glass down,

Liszt turned to Viscount Fernal, "Viscount Fernal, is everything going smoothly?"

"Very smoothly, Your Highness," Fernal replied with restraint.

"Relax, now is off-duty time. We're all just here to have a drink and unwind," Liszt smiled. "The development of Flame Island cannot be achieved overnight; we will be immersed in these vast forests for the next few years. However, once the crops in the fields mature, this island will become our most fertile homeland."

With that,

Liszt raised his glass, gesturing towards Viscount Fernal and the knights in the pub, "To a better tomorrow, to building our own homeland, cheers!"

The knights all shouted together, "To the glory of His Highness, cheers!"

Chapter 834: Native Tribe

Having a beer at the tavern and encouraging the knights to strive for pioneering, Liszt hurried to the Mage Tower to check on Ach's progress in her magic experiments.

The progress was very good.

Even without sleep for a whole night, Ach was still vibrant—magicians are always full of spirit.

She was designing a Magic Array that could tear apart the Magic Web, to break the nodes of physical space and expand into a Wormhole Space. Once the nodes were broken in another place, it could be connected to the nodes, completing a real Magic Teleportation Array.

“Just like opening a door, isn't it?” Liszt, simplifying Ach's description, said, “If that's the case, let's call this experiment the ‘Magic Door Project’. Continue with your research, and if you need any assistance, just say the word. Bard and I will fully support you.”

“Um, thank you, big brother.”

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After resting for a day, the next day Liszt rode on the Formless Dragon Bard to start patrolling the Whirlpool River.

He planned to find the pioneering team led by Durt Red Apricot and identify the secretive glares observing them to see what unknown creatures dared covet the pioneering team. Whether wolves, tigers, monkeys, snakes, or something else, anything that dared obstruct the development of Flame Island would be eradicated.

With Liszt riding Formless Dragon Bard, the Little Fire Dragon Leo's appearances clearly reduced.

In the future, Liszt's dragons would have specialized roles; Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan would specifically stay in the Dragon Nest to produce minerals, Fire Dragon Leo would primarily handle combat, and Formless Dragon Bard would be utilized particularly for scouting. Crystal White Trajectory's magic detection was far superior to any other method.

Its capability for invisibility while roaming the borders was also significant.

Source: , updated on Nov 6, 2020

Thus, when both dragon and rider had already located the pioneering team along the Whirlpool River, none of them, including Durt, noticed Liszt's presence.

Liszt did not reveal himself either.

He continued to hover overhead, occasionally directing Bard to sweep over the forest, carefully inspecting the magic feedback from all around. However, having surveyed the vast forest surrounding the pioneering team, and not detecting any magic buildup, it seemed that the spying eyes were likely not magical beasts.

"So what are these numerous unknown species?" Dispersing the Crystal White Trajectory and restoring his own natural vision, Liszt surveyed again.

Since there were unknown species spying on the pioneering team, they couldn't be far.

After searching for an entire hour, Liszt finally discovered what was secretly watching; they were hiding in the dense forest, agile like monkeys, capable of climbing trees and observing the pioneering team from atop the branches. Had it not been for the disturbance in the upper tree canopy that alerted Liszt, they would have remained hidden.

But once discovered, these creatures without magic were of no significant concern.

"It turns out to be humans, dressed in animal skins, wielding bows and arrows, apparently the inhabitants of a primitive tribe living in the Flame Islands!" Liszt narrowed his eyes.

His feelings were mixed with surprise and joy.

Surprise that there were humans surviving on the remote Flame Islands, perhaps descendants of humans from Legendary Continent who accidentally drifted here and reproduced. Joy that the humans of the primitive tribe, while appearing ugly and backward, would be an excellent addition to the serfs.

Developing Flame Island required a mass number of serfs, and Liszt was worried about where to find so many; unexpectedly, someone brought the pillow as he was dozing—the Flame Island accounted for a primitive tribe.

According to the Smoke Mission's hints, there were quite a few humans in the primitive tribe.

He looked at the primitive tribe humans dressed in animal skins atop the trees, contemplating, "It seems I need to change my strategy and fully capture these primitive tribe humans to serve me... Capturing serfs is indeed an uncivilized act, but compared to the serf trade, using the natives might be less bloody."

It was said that when Europeans trafficked black slaves to America, due to navigation, hygiene, and overloading issues, basically ten black slaves died for every one that arrived in America.

The serf trade in this world was much better, with at most two or three out of every ten serfs dying during transportation.

The serf trade under Liszt's management, which always prioritized safety, saw at most one out of every hundred serfs dying. Protecting the lives of the serfs was protecting the Landlord's interests, and he knew serf trade contradicted humanitarian principles, but he couldn't abandon the profits and could only take the best care of the serfs.

He sought peace of mind.

All the serfs that came to the Flame Territory generally enjoyed a better living environment than before.

But even feeling justified couldn't cover up the casualties in the serf trade process. He never expected Flame Island had natives. Thus, capturing these natives to act as serfs would eliminate the risks of naval trade while also improving the living conditions of the natives.

Whether it was hypocrisy or benevolence, Liszt had rapidly made up his mind to capture all the natives on the island and then force them to undergo serf transformation.

To embrace a better life and contribute to the modernization efforts of Flame Island.

Just then, a native who had been spying on the pioneering team from the treetops climbed down and quickly ran toward the depths of the forest. Liszt rode Bard and closely followed, running ten kilometers out, and discovered a large lake with many wooden houses densely scattered around it.

These wooden houses seemed to be built for water and moisture defense, all of them on stilts.

On the clearing by the lake, there were elderly and children, the elderly dressed in rough hemp cloth and the children bare-bottomed. A few who seemed to be women natives were also wrapped in short animal skins covering their primary parts, cleaning animal skins by the lake.

These people's skin was slightly dark but not as black as Africans, resembling more the black-yellow skin of the Indian People.

"From the structure of the wooden houses and the hemp cloth on the elderly, it can be deduced that this native tribe is slightly more advanced than those primitive tribes... probably because their ancestors brought some life skills when they strayed onto Flame Island, which their descendants inherited."

Knowing how to weave and build stilt houses indicated that these natives were good candidates for serfs.

With a little instruction, they could be sent to work in plantations and workshops.

In the tallest stilt house of the tribe, the previously spying native was chattering with several elderly and robust men. Liszt could only look through the house's window, yet just a glimpse revealed an interesting phenomenon to him.

The oldest man in the center was wearing black hemp cloth, and its style vaguely resembled a magician's magic cloak.

"Magic cloak?"

Liszt rapidly deployed the Eye of Magic, and indeed, a faint earthy yellow magic power glow radiated from the old man.

That is to say, he had cultivated!

The few elderly around him also had faint glows, blue, red, and white, but the robust men had no magic power.

Liszt found this surprising: "It looks like a magician's cultivation system. Could these natives be descendants of magicians... Interesting, these primitive tribe natives know how to cultivate; no wonder they can survive in this magical beast-infested forest."

With this thought, he summoned the Smoke Mission.

"Complete the mission, reward with a large number of native tribes."

Chapter 835: Priority

"A great number of native tribes!"

"Excellent!"

Liszt was very satisfied with the mission reward. If all the native tribes were at the level of this small one, then the more, the better—they were the most suitable source of serfs.

In an instant, the smoke formed by the Serpent Script morphed into a new paragraph.

“Mission: the discovery of the native tribes is undoubtedly good news. Among them, natives with magic power exude mystery. Why not thoroughly investigate the native tribes to find the origin of their cultivation system and understand their current development status? Reward: treasures of the native tribes.”

“There are treasures in the native tribes, it seems these native tribes really do have some extraordinary origins.”

...

He planned to charge over immediately, grab the natives that seemed to be the leaders of the tribe, and then slowly interrogate them about the situation of their tribe. But he soon dismissed this idea, for a simple reason—the natives’ chattering was all unintelligible bird language.

And he didn’t have the patience to translate the native language, word for word.

“It’s better to call up a knight order and summon a few magicians to study the current state of the native tribes together.” He suddenly commanded the Formless Dragon Bard and left the native tribe.

Heading straight for the exploration team.

Durt Red Apricot’s exploration team not only had a large number of knights but also many magicians from the Magic Guild, which would conveniently facilitate the execution of this mission.

Finding Durt’s location.

Source: , updated on NovG0.c0

Liszt leapt directly from the back of the Formless Dragon, activating his Dragon Might as he fell. The overwhelming Dragon Might swept across the entire exploration team, and the

knights close by clutched their throats as if an invisible hand was squeezing them, leaving them feeling heavy-chested and struggling to breathe.

“Enemy attack!” A knight resisted the discomfort and bellowed loudly.

Others drew their Knight’s Longswords, preparing to align and face the enemy.

Thump!

Amidst the chaos of the knight order, Liszt landed steadily on the ground, and when he stood up, he slowly withdrew his Dragon Might, stepping out from the dust.

Maintaining high alert, Durt saw in the direction of the sound a familiar figure slowly emerging, a deep memory he could never erase.

Fire Dragon Knight.

Liszt Tulip!

“Your Highness!” Durt could hardly believe it.

“It’s me, let the knight order calm down.” Liszt always enjoyed such a dramatic and flashy arrival, regardless of the disturbance it caused.

As a Dragon Knight, he must maintain the majesty of a Dragon Knight at all times.

Durt recognized Liszt and immediately breathed a sigh of relief, then he quickly directed the nearby knights to settle the disturbance, before dismounting and bowing: “I was not aware of your Highness’s arrival, Durt failed to greet your Highness.”

“I just had a sudden matter and came over to say hello,” Liszt gestured for Durt to follow him to the tent.

Entering the tent, he first inquired about the incidents that occurred during the pioneering team's voyage, but there was nothing major. Even when they encountered storms, the ships were still able to pass through safely, thanks to the Calming Wind Pearls and Water Calming Pearls provided by the territory, and they successfully arrived at the mouth of the Whirlpool River.

However, after reaching the dense forests of the Whirlpool River, there were more problems. Firstly, the unfamiliar climate caused some serfs to fall ill and even die; then, there were many mosquitoes in the forest, and after being bitten, many of the serfs died directly; finally, the weather was extremely hot, and quite a few serfs suffered from heatstroke.

The fleet had brought a total of two thousand serfs, and after all the back and forth hardships, a good five hundred or more serfs had fallen.

As for the knights, those with Dou Qi had a strong adaptability. Apart from a few who died due to surprise attacks by magical beasts, the other knights still maintained their full fighting strength.

"It seems some of us are too hasty, knights can adapt to the environment of Flame Island, but it is very difficult for serfs," Liszt shook his head.

He felt somewhat distressed.

The pioneering team's serfs lived outdoors, riddled with crises, faring worse than the serfs of Flame Town.

"Your Highness, death is inevitable in pioneering, they came for gold coins, and naturally, they must be prepared to die for gold coins," Durt expressed without concern, "The dead serfs can be slowly replenished. The most important thing is to develop Flame Island and to open up the Whirlpool River living area as soon as possible."

The quality of a knight in this world included compassion, yet knights who truly had pity for serfs were almost nonexistent.

The vast class gap meant the nobility barely saw the commoners as human, their compassion only extended to knights of the same rank—unless a knight died during a

charge, they were generally not killed, and could still return to their noble status after paying ransom.

Upon hearing this.

Liszt said gravely, “Durt, serfs are people too, you need to change your past attitude. The Flame Islands urgently need development, and every serf is a vital resource. Knights of the future Flame Country will be born from the descendants of these serfs.”

Durt nodded, “Your Highness, I understand. I will protect the serfs earnestly.” Despite his words, his expression still revealed his disdain for serfs.

It was a deeply ingrained mindset, unlikely to change without a reform through blood and fire.

Liszt understood Durt’s mentality very well; in fact, he himself was a noble, and if he really pushed some idea of “equality for all,” he likely wouldn’t accept it himself: “No, Durt, you still don’t understand... The serfs we are bringing from outside now will foster a sufficient number of knights in the future to protect Flame Country.”

Durt did not respond.

Liszt continued, “All serfs who come to the Flame Islands to pioneer will be granted freeman status after the establishment of the nation, given lands to cultivate, so that in the not too distant future, they can strive to become knightly families, and become the backbone of Flame Country.”

“Your Highness, are you being too generous to the serfs?” Durt cautiously asked.

“No, listen to the end and you will understand my plan,” Liszt smiled faintly, “The reason for such thoughts is simple, it was not long ago that I discovered a large number of native tribes on Flame Island, with a much more backward civilization and darker skin than ours.”

“Native Tribes?” Durt’s eyes widened.

“These native tribes could perfectly serve as serfs for the development of the Flame Islands, couldn’t they?”

Durt said excitedly, “Since there are a large number of native tribes, then capturing them to serve as serfs is obviously more cost-effective. Although our serfs are of low status, they share the same bloodline with us, and should not continue to serve as serfs... I now truly understand the foresight of Your Highness.”

“Good that you understand.”

Liszt spoke indifferently, “Immediately organize a knight order, and bring along a few magicians, to investigate the nearby native tribes. I need to figure out the origin and development status of these tribes and preferably master their language... However, before we have a clear understanding of the foundation of these native tribes, keep the operation secret.”

“Understood, I will organize the knight order right away!”

Chapter 836: Moon Language

The Knight Order’s investigation methods into the Native Tribe were much more brutal than Liszt had imagined.

They operated directly at night, surrounding the Native Tribe, and then captured every member of the tribe, both high and low. What followed was continuous, tedious interrogation. When language barriers arose, they resorted to hand gestures for communication, and after tireless attempts, they finally began to understand the general situation of the Native Tribe.

This was a small tribe of one hundred eighty-six people.

Most of the natives lacked magical talent and fought and hunted like savages. Those with the aptitude for magic were specially protected by the tribe, sent to larger tribes to learn magic—those elders who were like tribal shamans were all magicians who had returned after completing their studies.

“Your Highness, these Native Tribes probably inherit from ancient magicians. Their casting methods are very old and differ greatly from current magic casting methods,” a magician explained to Liszt, “and their use of Magic Runes is also very archaic.”

As times evolve, so does magic.

...

Although the Magic Web has shrunk, magicians have refined many magic casting methods to an incredible extent, in hopes of reducing the consumption of Magic Power. Meanwhile, the Native Tribe’s magicians still used magic that consumed a lot of Magic Power but had only little effect.

Therefore, it was deduced by the pioneers’ magicians to be an inheritance from the Ancient Mages, preserved generation after generation on Flame Island, an island isolated from the rest of the world.

In the end, the magician boldly speculated, “Your Highness, I have carefully recorded the language of these natives and found that their language is likely to be the Moon Language of the ancient times.”

“Moon Language?” Liszt raised his eyebrows, looking at the magician seriously.

Feeling immense pressure, the magician hurriedly added, “It’s only a hypothesis, Your Highness.” He dared not guarantee that his findings were correct since the Moon Language had been lost.

Due to the longing for the era of the Moon Empire.

Source: , updated on Novg0.co

Many magicians studied the Moon Language, believing that although it was lost, it had integrated into many languages across the Legendary Continent. Languages like the Wind Language and Serpent Script had many words associated with the ancient Moon Language, but no one could assert what the Moon Language actually looked like.

“Then continue the research and strive to fully understand the language of the Native Tribe. I will arrange for more magicians from the Magic Guild to come and assist.”

Regardless, the language of the natives had to be studied, which would be convenient for later transforming them into qualified serfs.

Of course, Liszt hoped that the Native Tribe’s language was the legendary Moon Language. Maybe these descendants of the Moon Empire still retained information about the Moon Empire—the era that was legendary for its flourishing magic and where magicians ruled the world, concealing countless magnificent secrets.

The Fish Ugly Temple in the ocean’s depths, the Jade Dragon’s Hind Leg on Mind Island, the Remains of the Fire Dragon on Black Horse Island, the descendants of the Moon Empire on Flame Island, and the lost Sky Ship and Child of the Sun.

Many unusual clues mixed together.

The Power of Destiny represented by the Smoke Dragon behind the Smoke Mission seemed to be trying its best to reveal an incredible past to Liszt.

“What exactly happened in this ocean during the ancient times?” He could not be certain, but he suspected that there must have been an epic war here.

A war that might have been pivotal to the world’s direction.

Why the Child of the Sun fell, why the Moon Empire collapsed, why the Sacred Dragon vanished, all might be related to this great war.

...

One must exert full strength even when hunting a rabbit, as if hunting a lion.

Regarding the investigation of the Native Tribe, Liszt maintained a cautious attitude. Aside from capturing the small tribe known as “Lake Corner,” he did not expand the scale of the captures. Instead, he had dispatched another Knight Order and ten Magicians from Flame Town to join in the research of the Native Tribe.

After ten days of research, they finally understood everything about the Native Tribe.

The Native Tribe called themselves “Moon Slayers,” and Liszt thus referred to them as “Moon Slayers.” As for why the Moon Slayers wanted to kill the Moon, it was impossible to verify. From the moment of their birth, they called themselves this and no one sought to question why they wanted to kill the Moon.

The Moon Slayers were divided into large and small tribes, usually creating a small tribe due to insufficient food in a certain forest area, and moving to surrounding woods to survive.

Lake Corner Tribe was a small tribe that had recently branched off, and their previous larger part was called “Mountain Corner,” living in a corner of a mountain range. The composition of the Lake Corner Tribe mainly consisted of warriors and “Magicians,” with magicians, as their language meant, being those who use magic.

Warriors were the adult males, whose main responsibilities were hunting and gathering to provide food for the tribe.

Magicians, on the other hand, were several elderly individuals who possessed magic and used it to defend against the attacks of Magical Beasts. To distinguish them, Liszt referred to them as “Ancient Mages.”

Curved, folded, hooked, then curved again...

When the oldest of the Ancient Mages was requested by the researchers to write the word “Magician” as it was represented in their language.

Magicians who studied the Moon Language from the Magic Guild collectively shouted in amazement, “This is the Moon Language! This is how ‘Magician’ is written in the Moon Language!” They also brought out several Magic Books, which recorded numerous ancient scripts of the Moon Language.

Liszt took a look and, sure enough, the script for ‘Magician’ in the Magic Books was structurally the same as that written by the Ancient Mage of the Lake Corner Tribe.

Especially the curved and intricate structure, which had very clear characteristics of the Moon Language, appeared as if different moons were piled upon one another.

The Moon Language is a kind of complex pictographic writing system that expresses changes in things through different numbers and shapes of the moon. Because of its abstraction, it has been studied for thousands of years by modern Magicians without completely deciphering it.

Now,

The Lake Corner Tribe used the Moon Language for communication.

Undoubtedly, they must be descendants of the Moon Empire who had been stranded on Flame Island to multiply and thrive. Unfortunately, the prosperous magical civilization of the Moon Empire was not inherited, and these Native Tribes lived almost no differently from primitive people, far behind the civilization of the Knights.

“Descendants of the Moon Empire!” Liszt couldn’t help but sigh.

He then intensified the research on the Moon Slayers, attempting to unveil the mysteries of the Moon Empire. However, the information provided by the Lake Corner Tribe was too limited; it was a very small Moon Slayer Tribe, with only one Ancient Mage among them who could write in the Moon Language, and that Mage could write only a small part of it.

The part of the Moon Language that was known was all about magic and did not involve daily life.

“Your Highness, we need more Moon Slayer Tribes for research,” the Magicians clamored excitedly, calling out to capture more Moon Slayers.

Even Ach, who was busy with magic experiments in Flame Town, had inquired several times with Liszt about the Moon Slayers.

The feelings of Magicians towards the Moon Empire were very complex. They longed for that era when Magicians ruled the world, attributing all that was good to the Moon Empire. However, everyone was aware that the Moon Empire was just one of the ancient human

realms, and as time went by, their understanding of the Moon Empire had likely changed completely.

Liszt was also curious.

Thus, he gave a grand gesture, “Then, Durt Red Apricot, Cross Thorn, get ready. Without alarming more large tribes of the Moon Slayers, proceed to capture the superior Mountain Corner Tribe of the Lake Corner Tribe.”

Both Earls bowed and paid their respects, “As you wish, Your Highness!”

Chapter 837: The Dragon with a Head Called Moon

Compared to the small Lake Corner Tribe, with its 186 members, the Mountain Corner Tribe was a large tribe with thousands of members, boasting more than eighty Ancient Mages.

However, according to the Ancient Mages of Lake Corner Tribe, the “Listener”—the equivalent of the tribe’s elder—of Mountain Corner Tribe was at best a Grand Magician in terms of power. As for the strength of the Listeners in even larger tribes, the Ancient Mages from Lake Corner Tribe were ignorant.

The Moon Slayers’ classification of Ancient Mage ranks was quite vague, relying more on tenure than clear-cut levels of power to rise to the position of Listener.

Since the casting profession generally grew stronger with age, the Listener’s power was typically the mightiest within the tribe.

...

When Durt and Cross, the two Sword Saints, led a large force of Earth Knights toward Mountain Corner Tribe, the Listener and the Ancient Mages were swiftly captured without surprise.

Once the Knight’s Dou Qi merged into a contiguous field, creating a no-magic zone, the Ancient Mages’ magic failed one after another.

As for those warriors who were merely ordinary people, with arrows no matter how precise or blades and spears no matter how sharp, they were no match for the Knights who possessed Dou Qi. The encirclement, slaughtering, and capture were swiftly completed. In just a short moment, the Mountain Corner Tribe, with its thousand members, was thoroughly extinguished.

Tying up the Moon Slayer Natives, they then started a skilled search for supplies in the Mountain Corner Tribe's settlement.

Those Apprentice Knights, who did not need to charge into battle, performed their packaging duties well, turning the entire settlement upside down. All sorts of supplies were packed and taken away. Having arrived on Flame Island, where all supplies must be self-sustained, the Knights had not felt the thrill of plundering for a long time.

"You wouldn't realize this small native tribe actually has abundant supplies," said Liszt, who wasn't Dragon Riding but riding a warhorse, following along with the Knight Order.

"Your Highness, it's summer now, and the food in the forest is relatively plentiful," Durt replied. "If we wait until winter, the forest won't be able to provide food, and the natives, who don't farm, will only go hungry." He had learned about the climate issues on Flame Island from the natives of Lake Corner Tribe.

There are four seasons here as well: spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

The spring and summer are hot and humid, with plants growing vigorously and food in abundance. During autumn and winter, the climate is dry and cold, plant growth stops, and animals either migrate or hibernate, causing severe food scarcity.

It was now summer, the most bountiful season of the year on Flame Island.

The Moon Slayers, who did not know how to farm, could only go hungry or full with the seasons, which is why they split into small tribes to migrate further and survive in the forest. If they knew how to farm, relying on the favorable climate and hydrology of spring, summer, and autumn, they would basically manage to produce enough food to get through winter.

The adults of Mountain Corner Tribe were quickly herded to Whirlpool River to fell trees while shackled; the women were responsible for tilling the land and moving miscellaneous

items; the elderly and children were sent to Flame Origin, where the old did light physical work, and the children were given a serf education.

The Ancient Mages were taken away by Magicians to learn more information about the Moon Slayers.

...

September on Flame Island corresponds to early autumn.

A week had passed since the capture of Mountain Corner Tribe, and in this week, Liszt and Ach again brought over a batch of ten framed large ships filled with serfs and supplies.

The scale of Flame Town was ever-growing and was developing towards becoming Flame City.

Another batch of shipbuilding workers was brought over. They were constructing sampans right by Whirlpool River. Relying on the sampans to continuously deploy manpower and materials downstream of Whirlpool River, they assisted the pioneer teams in developing the Whirlpool River Residential Area. From time to time, one could see Knights on the riverbank supervising a large number of Moon Slayer Natives at work.

Moon Slayers had not yet learned how to farm or work as laborers, they could only chop wood, till the soil, and transport materials.

Lacking the concept of soil and water conservation, wherever the pioneering knight squads deemed suitable for settlement, they would crazily cut down trees. Then they would start leveling the land to erect stilted wooden houses—these were the most suitable homes in the humid and rainy spring and summer seasons here.

The Moon Slayers of Lake Corner Tribe and Mountain Corner Tribe were among the first batch of new serfs, and soon after, the Knight Order rounded up several smaller tribes that had splintered from Mountain Corner Tribe, like Tree Corner Tribe, River Corner Tribe, and Black Corner Tribe, and enslaved them all.

Those Ancient Mages were sent to the Mage Tower.

Imprisoned, studied.

Li Si Te oversaw the exploration of the Moon Slayers himself, and through continual communication and research with the Moon Language, he finally managed to roughly understand the situation of the Moon Slayers.

The Listener from Mountain Corner Tribe was called “Queotel,” and everyone in the tribe referred to him as “Qui.”

Qui, in his youth, had traveled through the great forest and visited many large tribes similar to Mountain Corner Tribe. Some large tribes occupied the most fertile forests, with populations even exceeding ten thousand. In all those tribes, it was the Ancient Mages who held extraordinary magic and precious knowledge.

He communicated with the Ancient Mages, understanding the world, understanding himself, understanding the future, understanding the past.

“The ancestors of the Moon Slayers were a group of great magicians who once fought alongside dragons, battling against another evil group of dragons. They killed a dragon named Moon... The ancestors of the Moon Slayers sleep in the distant Holy Mountain. Their descendants spread from the Holy Mountain and filled every forest.”

Under the pressure of the magicians, Qui narrated his experiences.

However, as for the dragon named Moon, there were no more records in their legends, and Qui himself did not even know what a dragon was.

It seemed that Flame Island had never been visited by dragons.

Qui’s narrative soon reached the content Liszt was concerned with, “In the far, far northwest, lived a large tribe—the Horn Tribe. Mountain Corner Tribe split from Horn Tribe hundreds of years ago. Horn Tribe guards a Broken Tower, which is the authority established by the ancestors and where the treasures left by the ancestors are enshrined.”

“Question Qui carefully—where exactly is Horn Tribe located!”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

After a round of interrogation by the magicians, Qui could not describe the exact location of Horn Tribe, as he had never visited it; he only knew the approximate direction. He could not make sense of Flame Island’s map; he could only preliminarily deduce that Horn Tribe was not within the Whirlpool Great River Basin.

Liszt looked at the map and hazarded a guess, “Mountain Corner Tribe lies downstream of Whirlpool River, Horn Tribe is in the northwest direction, probably around here...”

He circled a region on the map, deciding to search for it personally.

That so-called “Broken Tower” seemed to him to likely be a Mage Tower left by Ancient Mages; perhaps it stored “Native Tribe’s treasure” hinted at by the Smoke Mission—Ancient Mages who could fight alongside dragons were very likely Archmages, and only objects left by Archmages could be called treasures.

“Unfortunately, Qui is not clear on how many tribes the Moon Slayers have, so the Smoke Mission can’t be completed for the time being,” Liszt felt a tinge of regret in his heart.

However, just as he summoned the Smoke Mission, routinely checking on it,

He suddenly discovered that the smoke had changed.

“Mission completed, reward: Native Tribe’s Treasure.”

Chapter 838: Volcano Cluster

The objective of the last task was to discover the origin of the cultivation system of the native tribe and understand the current development of the native tribe, but Liszt felt that he had not clarified these points.

Hence, the task’s completion came as a great surprise.

“Or maybe what Qui said was the actual history?”

Ancient mages had come to Flame Island and fought alongside dragons, killing many evil dragons, including one named Moon Dragon. They probably died too, buried in a mountain called Holy Mountain, and the descendants of the magicians began to expand from Holy Mountain into the forest, becoming what’s now known as the Moon Slayer Native Tribe.

The native tribe was divided into various sized tribes, each governed by magicians who, however, were rather inexperienced.

Liszt stroked his chin, “So the Jade Dragon, Fire Dragon, and even the Smoke Dragon all took part in that ancient war?” He suddenly remembered the hind leg of the Jade Dragon, the clean cut on the leg of such a sacred being; could it be the work of the Moon Dragon?

...

But then the question arose again, what kind of dragon was the Moon Dragon, and if there exists a Moon Dragon, might there also be a Sun Dragon, or even various Star Dragons?

Could these dragons be categorized under Star Dragon Attribute?

Of course, this was just his idle speculation, not even sure if the Moon Dragon was actually related to the moon, his gaze then shifted to the newly transformed Smoke Serpent Script.

“Task: Now that you have some understanding of the native tribe’s situation, developing the tribal area becomes a top priority. Why not find Holy Mountain and delve into the secrets of the ancient mages? Please explore Holy Mountain. Reward: Ruins Entrance.”

“Holy Mountain!”

Qui had never been to Holy Mountain and had no clue about its location, but that was unimportant.

The Knight Order had already prepared to mount a large-scale hunt against the Moon Slayer Tribe, and he was also ready to take action himself. Known to himself and his

enemies, since he now understood that the Moon Slayer Natives posed no significant threat, as a Dragon Knight, he naturally dominated the entire Flame Island without concern for any obstruction.

However, Liszt did not immediately start searching for Holy Mountain.

He decided first to complete a task he had never had time for—drawing the geographical map of Flame Island. Currently, Flame Island was only outlined by Ach, with no data on the island's interior topology, which was a hindrance to the overall development of Flame Island.

So, he acted upon his thoughts.

After arranging the task of capturing the Moon Slayer Natives, he mounted the Formless Dragon Bard and began exploring from the Whirlpool Great River Basin. He didn't fly close to the ground but swept over from high above, constantly using the sextant to calculate his position and map the terrain against the outline of Flame Island.

His first focus was the southeastern part of the island, consisting of hills and plains, with not many mountain ranges except for Whirlpool Mountain, the rest being smaller hills.

Lush and almost entirely enveloped by the green primeval forest.

This vast area had a few Moon Slayer Native Tribe settlements, but their activity area was not extensive, probably because they had yet to find a foothold in this wild forest—the signs of magic power were very active in the forest, implying a large number of Magical Beasts inhabiting it, making it difficult for the Moon Slayer people to contest with Magical Beasts for living space.

It took five days to roughly map the terrain of the southeastern part, finding two slightly smaller river basins besides Whirlpool River.

These were all potential residential areas.

Then he moved on to inspecting the central part of Flame Island. The forests gradually thinned, and the terrain flattened, with only sparse trees exposing barren land in some

areas. Apart from two mountain ranges running east to west in the center, there were no other complex terrains, crossed by a river larger than the Whirlpool River.

On the ground, dots of Moon Slayer tribes were visible, not forming cities, but existing in the form of primitive tribal settlements.

After finishing the central terrain map, it was already late September.

Liszt then tirelessly continued to patrol the northwestern part of the island, and after just three days of searching, he suddenly found a group of volcanoes emitting smoke.

Within the Crystal White Trajectory, these volcanoes were all bursting with dense Volcanic Super Magic, belonging to active volcanoes.

“One, two, three, four... a total of nine active volcanoes!” Liszt’s heart burst with immense surprise, as he had been fretting over Leo’s delayed volcanic training, and unexpectedly, there stood nine active volcanoes, each brimming with volcanic super magic.

“Bard, let’s head to the largest volcano crater!” Without informing Little Fire Dragon Leo, sleeping inside his body, he continued to ride the Formless Dragon forward.

The volcanic cluster was spread across a vast plain, each crater a typical cylindrical volcano.

Some volcanoes were tall, some were short; some were large, some were small, with some covered in trees and others bare. There were also several dead volcanoes that, weathered and damaged, had become part of the forest. Only those nine interconnected active volcanoes still emitted billowing smoke, stretching to the horizon.

The Formless Dragon flew vigorously, arriving above the largest active volcano, immediately revealing the gigantic crater at its center, filled with continuously churning magma.

It seemed like it could erupt at any moment.

“So big!”

Liszt exclaimed.

The diameter of this volcano crater was definitely over two thousand meters, slightly oval in shape, broader east-west and narrower north-south. The exterior of the volcano was bare, devoid of any vegetation, with only thick black rock, its inner walls sloping towards the center where the magma sprang from channels, each channel at least a hundred to two hundred meters in diameter.

This volcano was countless times larger than the one Liszt had seen on Dodo Island.

Especially when he rode Formless Dragon Bard into the interior of the crater, he felt like a fly entering a bottle, suddenly realizing how vast the world was and how insignificant he was. Circling the inner wall of the crater, Liszt then rode Bard back to the top of the crater.

He jumped off Bard’s back and stood on the razor-like circular mountain peak of the crater.

On his left was the bottomless crater, and on his right, the sloping mountain body. From its shape, one could imagine that there had probably been a volcanic eruption here one or two years ago. The crisscrossing and cracked ravines were the best evidence left by the flowing lava.

“If this volcano erupts, how powerful would it be?”

Liszt could hardly imagine.

After observing the scenery for a long time and calming his shock, he signaled to Bard to cloak himself: “I’m going to release Leo here for training, Bard.”

“Woo yi ya!” Bard wasn’t a dragon that vied for favor.

He showed no interest in the naive Little Fire Dragon and immediately hid his form, flying towards other craters.

Thus, Liszt summoned Little Fire Dragon Leo.

Boom!

Flames soared up, quickly transforming into the black-red scaled Little Fire Dragon Leo, with a wingspan and body length of twenty-six meters each, already surpassing the size of an adult Formless Dragon in its juvenile stage.

“Oh ho!” Leo let out a majestic roar, and the next second, the entire dragon suddenly froze, dumbfounded as it stared down at the huge crater below.

“Leo, I promised you I would find a volcano crater for your training, and now it’s time for me to fulfill that promise!” Liszt, with his hands behind his back, looked indifferently at Leo, “Train well here, I’ll often come to see you and bring you the food you need.”

“Oh ho!”

Leo glanced at Liszt, uttered an affectionate roar, then folded his wings and dived, in a free-fall motion, towards the volcano crater.

The next moment.

He plunged into the scalding magma, disappearing without a trace.

Chapter 839: Flame King City

Endless Volcano Cluster, this was the name Liszt gave to this chain of nine active volcanoes, the largest of which he named Doomsday Volcano.

He always felt that if this volcano were to erupt, its power might be enough to shatter the heavens and earth.

Therefore, when calling for Leo, he specifically instructed him to fiercely harness the Volcanic Super Magic, and strive to eliminate the possibility of an eruption.

After much difficulty finding such a suitable island to establish a kingdom, he certainly didn't want it to be destroyed by a volcanic eruption.

"This Endless Volcano Cluster is the perfect Dragon Nest for Leo, the next step would be to find a suitable place to establish a Dragon Nest for Ethan," Liszt mused while standing above the crater of Doomsday Volcano.

The Light Green Gemstone Dragon is a gemstone-producing dragon, needing a Dragon Nest built as soon as possible for gemstone mining.

...

As for the Formless Dragon Bard, he doesn't require a fixed Dragon Nest, having more similar features like the Great Whirlpool's Magic Teleportation Array would probably make him comfortable.

"Let's go, Bard, let's continue our patrol around Flame Island!" Calling Bard, the man and dragon resumed their journey.

Northwest Flame Island, apart from the Endless Volcano Cluster, also had many undulating mountain ranges, predominantly high mountains, but also many suitable residential valleys and basins. Overall, the northwest part of Flame Island is uneven and mountainous, the central part is dry with lots of plains, and the southeast part is moist with many rivers.

Judging purely by the terrain, the whole island of Flame Island is essentially suitable for cultivation, without too harsh or barren land.

Thus spent the entire month of September, and the time directly jumped to October of Sapphire Calendar Year 154, with the terrain map of Flame Island finally completed.

With the map for reference, he roughly had an overall plan for how to develop Flame Island.

And for the capital's location, he leaned towards two places.

One was the central plains, geographically located at the very heart of Flame Island, accessible in all directions, and adjacent to a vast lake, thus ensuring no shortage of water. However, the open plains had no geographical barriers, making it easy to attack but difficult to defend, leaving the capital at risk of threat at all times.

Another was a mountain chain right next to Whirlpool Mountain in the southeastern part, where the capital could be built in a valley at the foot of the mountain. Hydrography and geography were superior, and simply blocking the exits on both sides of the valley could prevent any number of knights from charging in. The palace could also be built on the mountain, complementing the capital from its vantage point.

“Actually, having dragons makes it unnecessary to have rugged terrains for defense, the benefits of building the capital on the plains are obvious... Alas, I temporarily lack the energy to develop the plains, I should first build the capital in this valley, not far from the Great Whirlpool, convenient for development.”

After comparing in his mind, he decided on the location for the capital, and subsequently named this mountain range Flame Mountain, and the valley Flame Valley.

The future capital was temporarily named Flame King City.

The Flame Family takes pride in the Fire Dragon, so this naming was rather appropriate, though the name was provisional. Since Liszt already possessed three dragons, it was uncertain how many more dragons he might have in the future. Since he dared to establish a kingdom directly, he was not afraid of other dragons being revealed, by then which dragon would be chosen for naming.

Hard to say.

Rolling up the map, Liszt and Bard walked along the material boundary, quickly flying towards Whirlpool Mountain. In this continuous period of terrain surveying, his coordination with the Formless Dragon became more and more adept, not only achieving a complete harmony of minds.

He also created three moves for the *Formless Dragon Knight – Dragon Dou Qi Secret Manual*, which included Left-Right Drag – “Phantom”; Focus on Lifting the Dragon Lance Tip – “Shadow”; and Point-Leading Area – “Avalanche – Snow Mountain”.

Phantom-Drag, Shadow-Lift, Avalanche-Break, these three powerful Combat Skills all were primarily assassination techniques, fitting his positioning for the Formless Dragon.

The Formless Dragon only had a wingspan of fifteen meters, and even as adults, their wingspan only reached twenty meters. In face-to-face combat, aside from their dragon breath which had the ability to disrupt material space, they had no advantages in other areas. Hence, Formless Dragon Knights should adopt the assassin model, suddenly striking from the material boundary to deliver a maximum blow.

Only elemental dragons as tough-skinned and thick-fleshed as Little Fire Dragon Leo, who was larger in his youth than other dragons in their adulthood, were suitable for frontal combat.

Unfortunately, his proficiency hadn't increased much recently. The "Fire Dragon Knight-Dragon Qi Secret Manual" still only had Dragon Slash-Chop, Sky Burning-Sweep, Swallow Sun-Stab, Sea-Boiling-Strangle, and Earth-Shaking-Hammer — just these five moves.

As for the Light Green Gem Dragon Ethan and its coordinating "Light Green Gemstone Dragon Knight – Dragon Fighting Qi Manuscript", studied by generations of Dragon Knights, it had Moonlight, Green Shadow, Thunder, Spiral, Rock Break, Forest, and Phantom — seven moves. Liszt had only practiced briefly with Ethan and hadn't made any improvements.

Ethan wasn't even planned by Liszt to be a combat-type dragon.

"It's a shame I only have one. How to allocate time to three dragons is a troublesome matter to handle," he often complained when he had a few dragons, and now he also found it troublesome with many.

Looking at the crystal white spatial structure in his view, he sighed silently, "There's no such thing as perfection!"

In harmony with his thoughts, the Formless Dragon, sensing his true feelings, issued a sound that could be either agreement or mockery: "Wuu yi ya!"

...

Returning to Flame Origin once again, the area had undergone completely different changes from a month ago.

The entire Flame Origin no longer had a single tree; all had been cut down and cleared to make flat ground. Mage Tower, windmill, irrigation waterwheel, and the city water tower stood out consecutively, and a gravel road paved from east to west through Flame Origin, leading directly to the forest in the distance that had not yet been cut down.

Carriages raced on the road, transporting loads of timber, wild animals, and fruits back to Flame Town.

And Flame Town itself had completely changed its appearance, with neat stone buildings lining both sides of the cross-shaped streets, and the smooth stone pavements bustling with activity. On the edges of the small town, stand-alone tall wooden houses had sprung up — these were temporary residences for the increasing number of Knights and serfs.

The town was evolving into a small city.

Further upstream on the Whirlpool River, architects were busy directing craftsmen to dig foundations. Here, a well-named castle was soon to be built as Liszt's palace. As the owner of the Flame Islands and the future king, his personal life and accommodations were more central than developing Flame Island.

Countless timber and stones were piled up to one side.

The timber was locally sourced and inexhaustible, while most of the stone came from the Blizzard Beast Squad, with a small part coming from the expansion of the Whirlpool River.

With sufficient water upstream of Whirlpool Mountain, just widening the river channel would allow small sailboats to navigate directly through the Flame Town section of the river. Only by navigating sailboats could there be rapid connectivity with the residential areas in the middle and lower reaches of Whirlpool River. At this moment, numerous yellow-black-skinned serfs were hard at work digging the river channel.

They were all natives of the Moon Slayer Tribe, captured by the Knight Order, and trained as serfs to work here.

“Your Highness, due to the resistance of the Moon Slayer Tribe, although there were few knight casualties in the capture operation, many natives were killed for resisting, wastefully losing labor,” reported Durt Red Apricot, the chief in charge of capturing slaves, who had immediately rushed to report, “But after the natives adapted to serf life, they rarely escaped, so I wonder if we should change our method of capturing slaves.”

“Let’s hear your thoughts,” Liszt said, reclining in his rocking chair, enjoying as maidens gently massaged his shoulders, leisurely drinking freshly brewed Banpo cattle milk.

The last time he had shipped frame ships, he had specifically transferred a batch of male and female servants from Thorn Castle to Flame Town. Thomas, leading the male servants, was assigned by him to supervise and construct the castle, while this group of young female servants led by Little Lily stayed in the temporary villa in Flame Town to tend to Liszt’s daily needs.

Life indeed required struggle, but enjoyment must not be interrupted.

Chapter 840: Value the Past Over the Present

“I think for dealing with the Moon Slayer Tribe, we should primarily use enticement,” Durt said.

Li Si Te (Liszt) couldn’t deny it, “Explain your thoughts in detail.”

“Your Highness, our Knight Order has already swept through many Moon Slayer Tribes in the Whirlpool Great River Basin, capturing nearly thirty thousand Moon Slayer serfs. However, as the number of serfs keeps increasing, we need to allocate a large number of knights for supervision and guard duties, which severely weakens the combat strength of the Knight Order.”

The Knight Order primarily uses Knight Squads to handle small tribes of one or two hundred people, and one squad can carry out the capture tasks proficiently.

In small tribes, three or four half-baked Ancient Mages are not a match for our knights.

But for tribes with over a thousand people, one Knight Squad is insufficient. It often requires four or five Knight Squads to work together to complete the capture operations. For even larger tribes with several thousand people, a fully staffed Knight Order must go to capture them while also guarding against any counterattacks by Ancient Mages.

...

As the operation to capture Moon Slayer Tribes deepened, larger Moon Slayer Tribes began to emerge, a large tribe could have tens of thousands of people.

In such tribes, many Ancient Mages have reached the level of a Grand Magician; even a magic barrage from them would force the Knight Order to strategically retreat. If all the Knight Order from Flame Territory were involved in the slave-capturing efforts, no matter how large, the Moon Slayer Native Tribe would not be a challenge, but alas, the number of available Knight Order on Flame Island is inadequate.

Here, the number of Earth Knights is less than sixteen hundred, and the number of Apprentice Knights barely exceeds two thousand, having to maintain the safety of the camp and capture natives is indeed an overwhelming task.

“Thus, I am thinking of using the quality of life in our territory to attract the Moon Slayer Tribes to voluntarily pledge allegiance to us—providing them with certain protection and food should entice many Moon Slayers. Moreover, we can specifically target the Ancient Mages of the Moon Slayers for enticement.”

“Targeting the Ancient Mages for enticement?” Liszt raised an eyebrow, signaling Durt to continue.

“The magicians of the Magic Guild are currently analyzing the magic heritage of the Ancient Mages. Transferring magic first requires the transfer of knowledge, hence, the knowledge transmission of the Moon Slayers nearly all occurs among the Ancient Mages, who are a group of natives in high positions easily manipulated and corrupted by interests.”

The Moon Slayers have lost the prosperous civilization of the Moon Empire era, living in the forests subsisting on hunting and gathering, under very harsh conditions.

Even for the Ancient Mage class, life is tough, especially during the autumn and winter seasons when they suffer from a lack of clothes and food.

Durt expounded, "It's already October, the weather is getting colder, and the forest output is decreasing, the Moon Slayer's days of hardship are approaching. It is an excellent opportunity for us to change our plan, replacing captures with enticement to acquire Moon Slayer serfs. Once the Ancient Mage class is corrupted, many Moon Slayers are destined to be serfs."

"Your proposal sounds good. In that case, call a meeting with the leaders of each Knight Order and the administrators of Flame Town to discuss this enticement plan."

The meeting was scheduled for the evening.

It was held in the newly completed administration hall of Flame Town.

Before the meeting, he first invited Kenley Truth, the president of Flame Town Magic Sub-Council, to come over and asked about the information concerning the Ancient Mages and Holy Mountain. Kenley had originally presided over research in Whirlpool Town of Whirlpool Archipelago, but with the discovery of Moon Slayer Natives, she had been transferred to oversee the Moon Slayer research.

"Your Highness," Kenley bowed slightly; she was a magician enthralled by magic, with almost no interests beyond magic; her life revolved entirely around it.

"You have already studied several Moon Slayer Ancient Mages, how is the summary of the Moon Language coming along?"

"The Moon Language is very complex; although the Moon Slayer Ancient Mages possess the Moon Language heritage, many texts have still gradually been lost, especially the records concerning the Ancient Moon Empire, which are almost a blank slate. Based on our research, we have basically mastered the Moon Language used in daily communication."

"Magic inherited by the Moon Slayers, what's your view on that?"

Kenley pondered for a moment, “There is some instructional value, with several types of magic that belong to discontinued inheritances. With some improvements, they could shine somewhat... However, the magic passed down from the Moon Empire by the Moon Slayers is mostly too backward, consuming too much magic for weak effects.”

She then added, filled with emotion, “I once so admired the era of magicians in the Moon Empire, thinking current magicians can’t compare to those from that time. But looking purely at the casting methods, magicians from the Moon Empire’s era can’t hold a candle to those today.”

“Times are advancing, and although magicians have declined, they’ve also become better adapted to the current era, so we shouldn’t long for the past, but look forward to the future,” Liszt smiled, noting that everyone has this habit of overvaluing the past and undervaluing the present. The more ancient something is, the more blurry its details, yet the more impressive it seems.

Partly it’s sentimentality and partly it’s the appeal of distance.

The Moon Empire is a typical example of distance appeal and sentimental augmentation. Of course, one can’t deny that the era of magician rule created a brilliant magical civilization. Energetic, curious magicians could research magic, souls, large-scale engineering, and even the essence of the world.

These are what magicians aspire to; in today’s world, knights rule everything, and interests are paramount.

Essence of the world, who cares—does researching the essence of the world bring profit? If not, then why engage in it? Better to spend that time drinking more wine, dancing more dances, and having a closer encounter!

Liszt was a Knight as well.

Although he more appreciated the researching spirit of magicians, in terms of class hierarchy, he still had to denigrate the beautiful legacy of the Moon Empire and be wary of a restoration by magicians.

After a while, he turned the conversation to the main topic, “Kenley, did the Ancient Mage disclose the exact location of the Holy Mountain?”

“No Ancient Mage who visited the Holy Mountain did so. The Holy Mountain is just a legend to the Moon Slayers; they don’t roam far and usually just travel between a few major tribes.”

“Alright.”

Liszt frowned.

He had assumed the Smoke Mission “find the Holy Mountain, investigate the Ancient Mage” would be easy to complete, just needing to question an Ancient Mage to find the Holy Mountain, but it turned out nobody knew of the Holy Mountain.

However, although the Holy Mountain wasn’t found, a lead was attained from the previous Smoke Mission’s reward, “Native’s Treasure”—having figured out where the guarding Horn Tribe was located.

...

After holding a meeting and deciding to primarily use persuasion to exchange and acquire Moon Slayer Natives as serfs,

The next morning, Liszt tirelessly headed towards the Horn Tribe’s location, and after some searching, successfully reached the tribe that now had a population over ten thousand. The Horn Tribe was not far from the Flame Mountain Range, where Liszt was about to build his capital—a smaller mountain range that was a branch of the main one.

Near the living area of the Horn Tribe, atop a low hill, he successfully found that “Broken Tower” which housed the treasures.

Unguarded, this tower—which had collapsed by two-thirds—was simply surrounded by a circle of stones, with traces of a bonfire burned on the nearby platform.

It seems the Moon Slayers held their bonfire gatherings there.